I *cannot* sin." The Mothers love compels repentance in
us as if by a magical power. So rotten though to the
core, palsied and completely contaminated with sin, yet
in the pure arms of the Divine Mother, we are held
dear. Our contrition cries out " Do we deserve pardon,
Mother, dost Thou yet love us ? Can even Thy Infinite
Grace take away the iniquity of our revolt against
Thee?" Pardon is Divine Grace. It is not merited; it
is not supplicated; but she,, the Divine Mother, out of pure
grace and abundant benevolence says : "
No pardon child
pardon pro-supposes offence ; pardon pre-snp'poses anger
pardon pre-supposes alienation ', the Mother is never alienated
the Mother is never angered; the Mother is never offended.
Thou, my child, hast never need of pardon." Thus the Supreme
Being, at once Our Father and Mother, overpowers us by
His Grace
Yes, the Mother is never offended when she is all milk
and honey of love and compassion, mercy and sympathy.
She has therefore no need to exercise pardon. So are also
the Divine Mother's saints. Amidst intensest provocation
and torture, they stand unoffended and

unruffled and even
pity, bless, pray for those who inflict the
suffering ot» them.
• Have we not heard that blissful story
about Tukaram ? How,
returning horns with a bundle of sugarcane
a disciple had
presented to him one evening, he parted
with all the canes
but one to the persons he met with on the
way and at length,
on reaching home with the one solitary
cane, he was confronted
by his wife, a sharp-tongued xanthippe,
with the query,
"Who could be that niggardly creature that
presented you
with this single stick? " Then as he
explained the facts,
she belaboured him with that very cane ;
and as it broke into
two pieces, he picked up one and
explained, " You, as a very
loving wife, must share even this single
sugarcane with your
husband." If thus there is no occasion to
forgive, there is,
however, every occasion to give.
Innumerable arfe the